By J. K. Bryans

verheard in Silhouetteville

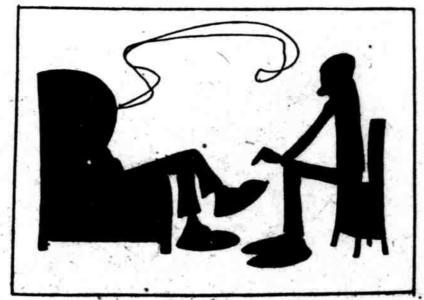


"Now, Willie, what's a s' .. t?" "Five consecutive cards of any suit."



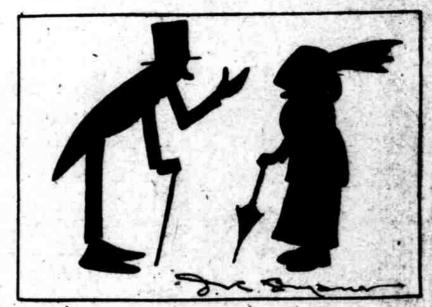
"This is the third time you've forgetten to bring home the butter I

"Yes'm. It's so greasy it slipped out of my mind!"



"If you knew my family as well as I do, young man, you wouldn't

"That's all right, sir. What I don't know won't hurt me."



"Were you ever at a telephone

"Oh, yes; my wife calls me up quite frequently!"

THE HERITAGE OF CAIN

A GREAT BIG THRILLING STORY

BY ISABEL OSTRANDER

T'S preposterous! It's unthinkable! Theres no sense in it at all. And then for her to show up hereyou fellows must be mistaken. I tell you it's simply absurd !"

Copyright, 1913, Frank A. Munsey Company,

"I know it," replied Phillip doggedly. "It seems absolutely without reason, on the face of it, but the fact remains that it's true. I'll stake my oath on it." "True or not," put in Bertram, "Im

just as sure of it as Phil is. Why don't you watch her for a bit-she'll give herself away sooner or later, see if sne

the living-room.

lome one was singing just within—

iging below the breath, in a low.

Ising, beautifully modulated mezzo.

"Yes?" queried Mrs. All It was not Victoria—he was quite sure had never heard the voice before, nd the scng—its delicate, recurring

voice giving it just the plaintive shade which brought out its charm—where had he heard of it before?

He stepped softly across the veranda till he stood near one of the windows—till he stood near one of the windows—tearwenough to catch the almost crooning words:

Orator."

Orator."

'I quite agree with you," Mrs. Ashiby madly, as if all the horrors of the world were at her heels, straight for the thicket of dense spruces.

She turned there, gave one last shudderly swiftly sleek—have you been for an early swiftly. ing words: Tel un ruban qu'on nuit autour des

fleurs ecloses. Tient encor le bouquet alors qu'il est Jane—
Tel l'humble anneau d'argent que

vous m'avez donne Garde en son circle retoit nos prom-"The Silver Ping!" Who could it be, pinging Chaminade, here in a lodge in isn't it? the heart of the Adirondacks—and at "I sha

hummed quite to herself, and half unconsciously, for there was unexpected, absent-minded little pauses and lapses, as if the thread of the song

was momentarily snapped by something which now and then diverted the thoughts of the singer, only to be the thoughts of the singer, only to be picked up meditatively where it had again today do you?

Whatever got you up so early this morning? asked Mrs. Ashley. "You don't start out on one of those interpicked up meditatively where it had again today do you?

I had begun to stagger drunkenly. "Upstairs, at once" commanded the old gentleman queltly. "Fetch the old gentleman quelting to day, if you don't start out on one of those interpicts and the control of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterbeen interrupted.
It was as if the singer unthinkingly

was expressing her morning mood in Robin tiptoed still nearer the win-low, and shamelessly peeped in. There at the center table, arranging Ashley helpfully.

Ashley helpfully. dow, and shamelessly peeped in "Con There at the center table, arranging Ashle: marses of purple star-eyed asters in "What are you doing up at this un-an iridescent bowl, and totally un-earthly hour?" he asked, turning to her

That her object could be a nefarious and thickly scattered pine-needles. Itom as a one he could not for an instant believe after this prolenged scrutiny of her when also were just about to happen to me when—when she was unconscious of any were just about to happen to me when—rateness. age completely off guard. of his regard, she glanced un and met his eyes, and the song stopped.

A slight tinge of red mounted in her cheeks and she bent still lower over her task, but gave no further indication of being aware of his presence.

"Good morning, Mary," he said, step- | toria's pretty housemaid has not been ping over the low sill into the room. "Good morning, sir," she replied, respectfully, with just the slightest trace of a brogue in her soft utterance. He smiled to himself at this-no accent had marred the enunciation of purest French in her song.

"You are up early," he remarked un-comfortably. Now that he had started, he found it no easy matter to proceed. "Yes, sir." Her tone, respectful still, had a new slightly defensive tone. " "Mary, what was that you were sing-ing just when I came in?" he plunged in resolutely. in, resolutely. She turned and faced him with bland,

"Don't forget to be here sharp at 5 her undue loquacity, and, turning, gave the last touches to the flowering sprays in the bows.

the incomprehensibleness of their statement, more, the seeming absurdity of it, the lack of all motive for such a masquerade on the part of the girl, weighed against his every attempt to accept as a fact the conviction they so firmly entertained.

Her subterfuges, her palpable falsehoods, the contradiction between her evident breeding and education, and the menial position she herself had voluntarily assumed in his sister-in-law's menage, and the impossibility or arriving at any clue as to her real identity and purpose—all the questions pounding in his brain left him dazed.

cuandary. One thing, only, he was decided upon. He would follow their advice about watching the girl and see if
he could discover for himself any evidence of her being other than the quiet,
with Madge Ashley at the foot of the

dence of her being other than the quark unobtrusive, well-trained domestic she had appeared.

He hadn't noticed her, save casually. She had seemed neat looking, rather pretty, now he thought of it.

Oh! the whole thing was impossible, unbelievable—but, he would watch.

As he mounted the veranda steps, a little pathetic haunting melody came softly through the open French windows of the living-room.

Stairs.

"Philandering with the parlor maid like the hero in the first act of an old-fashloned farce. I'm surprised at you, Robin Van Rensselaer."

Robin Van Rensselaer."

Robin grinned counsciously and was highly annoyed with himself, and with her for her inopportune appearance: but he replied with studied indifference: "I've been directing the floral arrangements for the dining room—you've no Five minutes later she emerged from the strick which rose in her throat. Her face was gray with terror, her eyes starting from her head. For a minute she clung there, and then with an effort she straightened herself, groped shudderingly behind her, without looking back for the door, closed it is softly and ided swiftly down the hall, straight to her room in the servants wing.

"Yes?" queried Mrs. Ashley, with slightly uplifted eyebrows. Robin went on hurriedly:
"If I hadn't been such a wonderful" have made a most original interior dec-

He nodded

"I wish I had the courage to follow our example, she went on. "I'm sure should love it, once I was in; but it Issue of The Times." your example, she went on. "I'm sure I should love it, once I was in; but it I should love it, once I was in; but it is such a nuisance. You might help me to do the next best thing, though," she added suddenly,
"Paddle me about a bit in the canoe, it's ages yet before breakfast, and the air is so delicious in the early morning.

"I shall be delighted," Robin said with alacrity, glad of a change in the conversation. "The air is like spring now, but it's going to be blistering hot later."

They strolled out to the veranda, and stood for a moment at the top of the stens.

And the strong with this strong stron

again today, do you?
"Not until late afternoon." He smiled, then added seriously: "I don't know what it could have been, but something

conscious of any eye upon her, stood the mysterious new maid the mysterious new mandal the mysterious new maid the mysterious new mysterious new mysterious new mysterious new mysterious new mysterious new mysteri can't in the least remember what it was about, but it seemed to me that I heard Victoria scream once—a terrible, gurgling sort of scream!

"I woke up trembling, and sleep was Phillips Academy today. A feature—of

He noticed the perfect poise of her small head on the slim neck, the graceful lines of the slender, girlish figure-even the deficate arch of the tiny foot in its flat, practical slipper.

This girl a servant? The very thought was laughable in its absurdity.

What could her motive by managuerade. it? I shall have to diet for a time. Ing in 1778. Former President William I'm afraid. Shall we go?"

"Dreams are unsatisfactory things. Henry L. Stimson delivered addresses. was laughable in its absurdity.

What could her motive be for such anyway, observed hobin as they is masquerade—what was she doing in mental position in his brother's house making no sound on the velvetlike mold making no sound on the velvetlike mold

presto! ff guard. presto! I woke, to face school, and mesclously aware Heaven knows what other monotonous juvenile contingencies."

But Mrs. Ashley was not listening.

toria's pretty housemaid has not been long in making a conquest!"
About 150 vards away, amd a thickgrown clump of spruces, Mary was standing, deep in conversation with a tail ungainly man who stood before her with his cap in his hand.
Robin laughed.
"Oh! that's our chief guide, you know, Jacques. He's quite safe from any of te wiles of wour charming sex.
"Some early romance, I believe—a trapper ran away with his wife years ago up in the Canadian woods. Funny, I've never seen him talking to a woman Lefore—Victoria can hardly get a civil

I've never seen him talking to a woman tefore—Victoria can hardly get a civil answer from him."
"I've been wondering," remarked Mrs. Ashley, irrelevantly, "where I have seen that girl before."
"You, too?" he cried in surprise, and then stopped.
"What do you mann?" asked Mrs. doesn't. Maybe you can find out what she's up to.

"We've got to sheve off now if we want a swim before breakfast," he added, scrambling none too gracefully to his feet.

"Going to take Lucy a little way up the river this morning, and we want to make an early start before it gets too

"She turned and faced him with bland, wide eyes.

"I don't know, sir. 'Twas just a bit of a song a lady used to sing where I was maid, sir.'' She dropped her eyes and flushed again beneath his curious, incredulous gaze.

Then she added ingeniously: "Tis foreign, I think, sir. The lady heard me humming it after one day and she taught me the words."

She caught herself up, as if realizing that girl before."

"You, too?" he cried in surprise, and then stopped.

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs.

Ashley quickly. Has anyone else thought he recognized her?"

"No, I—that is—" he hesitated, confused. "I fancied her face was familiar, somehow."

"And it seemed to me," observed Mrs.

Ashley, "that Bertram Goodall and Mr.

Ashley, "that Bertram Goodall and Mr. Merriman acted very strangely at tea yesterday—didn't you notice it?" She eyed him narrow!" but he was

o'clock this afternoon, then," said Robin.
"We ought to make a good catch tonight, I'll think over what you've told
me, but I can't for the life of me believe it."
"Well, you just keep a quiet lookout."
"Who taught you to sing?" he went
on inexorably.
"Me, sir? No one. I—I just sing." Her
voice was growing uncertain.
"Me, sir? No one. I—I just sing." Her
voice was growing uncertain.
"Mary, what position did you hold before you came here?"
"Why, sir, with—with General Kennedy, sir—and before that with Mrs.—Mrs.
Suydam." Suddenly she straightened up
and lifted the huge bowl of flowers.
"Mrs. Van Rensselaer has my reforencues, sir." And without waiting for
long."
"I will. Thanks for telling me. So
of condicting thoughts.
The evident sincerity of the two men
had impressed him, unquestionably, but
the last touches to the flowering sprays
in the bows.
"Who taught you to sing?" he went
on inexorably.
"Me, sir? No one. I—I just sing." Her
wolce was growing uncertain.
"Mary, what position did you hold before you came here?"
"Why, sir, with—with General Kennedy, sir—and before that with Mrs.—Mrs.
Suydam." Suddenly she straightened up
and lifted the huge bowl of flowers.
"Mrs. Van Rensselaer has my reforencues, sir." And without waiting for
further questioning she walked quickly
from the room.

Robin said have I'm sure I've seen her before, but I can't think where. I must
speak to Victoria about it."
"Oh! I wouldn't, if I were you," Robin
said hastily. "It's probably a chance
recues, sir." And without waiting for
further questioning she walked quickly
from the room.

Robin said hastily. "It's probably a chance
for conditcing the upton of flowers.

"Mrs. Van Rensselaer has my reforencues, sir." And without waiting for
further questioning she walked quickly
from the room.

Robin said have I've seem her before, but I can't think where. I must
said hastily. "It's probably a chance
fore but I can't think where.

"A haif hour later Mary left the
kitchen with a daintily appointed tray
of chocolate and start kitchen with a daintily appointed tray (6) and knocked softly.

After a pause she knocked again, louder than before, then turned the knob

and entered the darkened room.

There was a slight rattle and clinking from within, as of the tray being from within, as of the tray being placed upon a stand, then one or two light footfalls and silence, a silence which seemed to pulse out upon the air. In an instant she had sprung without the door and half crouched there, clinging with one hand to the casement. the door and half crouched there, cling-ing with one hand to the casement, crushing the other hand over her lips to smother the shriek which rose in her throat. Her face was gray with terror, her eyes starting from her head. For a minute she clung there, and then with an effort she straightened herself.

wing.

Five minutes later she emerged from the house with a small flat package under her arm.

Her face under her small plain hat looked ghastly in the brilliant sunshine, and she gasped and looked about her as if dazed. But only for an instant. The next minute she was running

Telegraph Briefs

her parents, in Lawrence, L. I., Miss his arms and lifted her as if she was

ways Association, which was to have been held in this city the coming week, has been postponed until the middle of

Boston.-John Barrett, director of the Pan-American Union, will be the principal speaker at a meeting in Faneuil Hail tomorrow, when, it is ex-pected, a movement to make Columbus Day the recognized Pan-American holi-day will be launched.

tion of Founders' Day was observed at strangely comfortable.

Phillips Academy today. A feature of They had taken me in here the night the program was the dedication of a memorial tablet placed on the site of memorial tablet placed on the site of the first academy building, where Prin cipal Eliphalet Pearson began his teach-ing in 1778. Former President William

Selebrate the centenary of its incorpora-tion as a city by a gala week beginning tomorrow, on the general plan for an old home week, but with more elabo-

San Francisco,-The special delegate from the United States to again solicit She was looking past him, to the left with a curious intentness. Suddenly she laid her hand upon his arm. Pacific Exposition at California in 1915 left here today for Tokyo on the Chiyo Maru. the patronage of Japan at the Panama-

You Can Begin This Great Story Today By Reading This First

Synposis of Preceding Chapters,

Y name is Mansfield."

we're just two people looking for some help." I blurted angrily.

"Help! Help! They're looking for Help! cried the king's fool. "Where's Help?" Fetch out Help! Who's playing Help?"

"How's Mary?"

"Grand:" he answered. laughing.

"For Heaven's sake." I cried, advancing down the two steps that led to the main floor, half carrying Mary in my arm, "don't mistake this for any masquerade! This lady and I have had an accident. We wandered in here, expecting to find somebody who might help us. If we can't get assistance here. If we can't get assistance here.

peratively, and the crowd became silent again. Mary swayed against me and began to slip from my grasp. My arriwas aching horribly.

The Gainsborough girl ran forward, put her arms about the helpless figure an dsupported Mary with surprising strength. Then a monk selzed her in a child. The young man who had in-terrogated me and one of the Oriental princes grabbed me on either sider for I had begun to starger drunkenly.

made a passage through the star- break ing throng of masqueraders, and we went out of the big room.

CHAPTER XVII.

Vinton, who wields a strange power over her.

Mansfield finds that Vinton is conspiring to get powersion of Mary's share in the estate of her uncle-Rufus Jennings—and he agrees to help in outwitting the man. He calls on Vinton in his rooms in Washington in the hope of getting from him the will left by Rufus Jennings.

Mansfield gets the will, but a few bours later he is caught in a trap set by Vinton.

Now Read On

us. If we can't get assistance here, will you kindly tell us where to go?"
The old gentleman raised his hand im-peratively, and the crowd became silent

at the morning sunlight, was the pleasantest place imaginable. There was nothing cramped or ungenerous about it. The windows were wide and high: the four-poster in which I lay was gigantic. Everything was white and clean and restful. I felt strangely comfortable. They had taken me in here the night before, the Oriental prince and the young man who could not understand and between them had managed to understand and put me to bed. It was the later that moment the door opened soft to compeniately recovered, sir, we shall try to make it congenial. The house is yours; our house party. We shall try to make it congenial. The house is yours; our houseparty. We shall try to make it congenial. The house is yours; our houseparty. We shall try to make it congenial. The house is yours; our houseparty. We shall try to make it congenial. The house is yours; our houseparty. We shall try to make it congenial. The house is yours; our houseparty. We feel honored to have you b have been Dr. Graham that came in but he was dressed like a "Pinafore" sailor. None the less, he had a surgical kit with him.

"How's Mary?" I had demanded of him even before he was introduced.

"The young lady? Oh! she's going to be all right after a good rest. Just shaken up. Let's see the arm."

"You're sure about her?"

"Sure. Hello! O nice. simple fracture. Hurts, does it? We'll shoot a little 'hop' into it first, 'he said, easily. "Ho, you princeling; bring a bunch of hot water here!"

I was getting drowsy before he had

"Pine as a fiddle," I answered, smilling.

"Pine as a fiddle," I answered, smilling.

"After that they left me alone for a while. I occupied the time in trying to summarize events and put them into their relations to one another. What was the result of it all?

I shook my head as I looked up at her. She was very fair and sweet, and a sumbam that stole through the window was making her dark hair shine like satin. Her cheeks were pale and there was an anxious look with the less. Her tall, slender figure was gowned in a white morning house and explored!! like a burglar. I had played the bandit in a prominent hotel. I had lost the hand et a law

Synposis of Preceding Chapters.

A young Washingtonian named Mansfield, while in Statuary Hall, is startled by Rearing some one mention als name. He finds himself being discussed by 8 man and a beautiful young woman who is being instructed to follow him with the idea of finding some mysterious document which the man evidently believes is in Magafield's possession. Becoming interested, Mansfield decides to lead the woman on.

Mansfield deliberately scrapes acquaintance with his fair pursuer and at her suggestion they go to a reception at the White House.

In the midst of the festivities the woman begs to be taken home. At the door she jumps quickly into a motorcar and is whisked away, leaving Mansfield standing on the curb. He gives chase, and after many exciting experiences follows his quarry to Baltimore and to a large house on Eutaw place.

Mansfield learns that the strange woman, whose name is Mary Donaldeon, has been selected by Vinton and several associates to get possession of a patent compass for seroplanes, which Mansfield is trying to sell to the Government, Mary, Mansfield also learns, is a pawn in the hands of Vinton, who wields a strange power over her.

Mansfield finds that Vinton is conspiring

CHAPTER XVI .- (Continued.)

this—'"
I don't quite understand yet," he continued politely. "We expected a Mr. Forshew and his wife."
"We're just two people looking for like a regular doctor—a fairly young

The young man who stood before us silenced him with a gesture.

"We've had an accident." I went on impatiently. "This lady is exhausted." siting up. 'An accident? "An accident?"
"An aeroplane accident."
The young man fell back a pace and

a Martianette!" cackled a gray to be kered ambassador.

At that moment a tall, elderly gentleman of distinguished appearance, at tired in conventional evening dress, pushed his way through the crowd. The girl in the Gainsborough turned to him girl in the Gainsborough turned to him and something.

dream last night." He removed the thermometer and examined it, "You're not playing according to Hoyle," he removed the thermometer and examined it, "You're not playing according to Hoyle," he removed the thermometer and examined it, "You're not playing according to Hoyle," he removed the thermometer and examined it, "You're not playing according to Hoyle," he removed the thermometer and examined it, "You're not playing according to Hoyle," he removed the thermometer and examined it, "You're not playing according to Hoyle," he removed the thermometer and examined it, "You're not playing according to Hoyle," he removed the thermometer and examined it, "You're not playing according to Hoyle," he removed the playing according to Hoyle, "No fever. You're not enough trouble to be interesting. But, goodness, man! You must have had a crazy night."

have been Dr. Graham that came in New Albany, Ind.—New Albany will but he was dressed like a "Pinafore" sailor. None the less, he had a surgical The Times' Great New Serial-The Plot Laid in Washington and Baltimore

I smiled foolishiy and tried to keep my eyes open.

"Thinks you're some wonder, too," he added, as he applied the finishing touches to my arm. "Keeps on telling that aeroplane yarn. I suppose you want to tell it, too. Don't! It'll land you in the nut college if you keep on repeating it. Say, I guess that aeroplane was an automobile, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't." I answered, resentfully. "Go and see for yourself. And tell Mary"—

"I'm going to tell all the rest of it to Sweeney," said the doctor, as he pulled the covers up over me. "You for the hay, now. And if that stuff I gave you doesn't put you to sleep, I'm coming in to chloroform you. Good night!"

"But don't forget to tell"—

"But don't forget to tell said in the world for us. Do you remember the little girl in the Gainsborough hat?"

I heard his laugh again as he went out the door, his ridiculous sailor trousers flapping about his ankles. Then I think I must have fallen asleep instantly.

Now, as I lay there tooking at the sun-

stantly.

Now, as I lay there tooking at the sun-light that streaked in through the flow-ered curtains, it seemed as if all of it must have been a dream. Only when ER XVI.—(Continued.)

I name is Mansfield."

"Mansfield?" He did not to the fact that there had been no hightmare, that all the confused mase or images in my mind really represent-"Certainly: Mansfield.And ed events.

I had been awake perhaps a quarter

> "Grand:" he answered, laughing.
> "She's been down to breakfast. It's 10 He sent me back on the pillow with a

"Because you're busted up and Mary in't he answered. "Maybe I'll let you The young man fell back a pace and regarded me with incredulous eyes. I could feel Mary leaning against me heavily.

My interlocutor turned to the girl in the Gainsborough hat and whispered to her again. She seemed to be bewildered.

"Aviator from Mars! A Martian and a Martianette" cackled a gray-whiskered ambassador.

At the transport of the same and examined it. "You're the thermometer and examined it. "You're the thermometer and examined it. "You're the same and the s

then. Believe me, my some gir!"

I sat up with sudden energy.
"Now, you look here!" I said sharply.
"This young lady"—
"Is going to be engaged. All right partner; what you say goes. My chance disappears: I weep; I repine, I congratuation and the said, as he crossed over to the bed. The same tells me there is nothing that arm. It's not bad serious. I am glad, sir-very glad! And serious. I am glad, sir-very glad! And serious.

THE TIMES DAILY SERIAL STORY

I nodded.
"That's their daughter. She's adorable. I'm-I'm wearing one of her dresses." "So I see," I answered, glancing down at the skirt. chair and went on:
"Dr. Graham lives near here. He's
been awfully kind—everybody has. And
they're so interested in what happened
to us. They wouldn't believe a lot of it
until they found the machine."

"Have you told them anything?"
"Not-everything," she answered slowly: "but a good deal. They think it's romantic."
"Well, is it?" I asked bluntly.
"I don't know. I suppose it depends on the point of view. Major Nesbitt is a dear, and so is Mrs. Nesbitt. They want us to stay just as long as we will.

The party has just begun. But, of course, you can't stay—with that arm."

"Oh! I don't know," I answered, trying to move it ing to move it.

ing to move it.

From what I could see, it looked like a pretty nice place in which to stay. It was restful; it seemed like home.

"It seems queer to be uninvited guests among strangers," she added. "But they really seem to want us, Dan."

I liked her to call me Dan; I lay quiet and closed my eyes, letting the word sink in.

"And while I can," she said, her voice sinking low. "I want to thank you for sinking low, "I want to thank you for all you have done for me; to thank you

all you have done for me; to thank you from the bottom of my heart."

"I don't see what you have to thank me for," I answered, opening my eres and reaching for her hands. "What's been accomplished?"

"I've escaped from the spell," she whispered. "It's all past now!"

I found one of her hands and held it.

"Then it has, indeed, been worth while," I answered.

For a minute she let me keep her coal, siender fingers; then, with a sudden contraction of her forehead and a sharp intake of her breath, she drew her hand away and began staring out of hand away and began staring out of hand away hand began staring out of "Not engaged, eh? Chance for me, hand away and began staring out of hand away and began staring out of hand away and began staring out of the sullit window." It was as if some the sullit window." It was as if some recollection had flashed upon her. I lay tup with sudden energy.

disappears: I weep; I repine. I congratulate you. Now, let me tell you something about that arm. It's not bad enough to make a hero out of you. It's scientifically simple. It'll be all fight ond as straight as a string after the bone knits. You can get up some time today, if you behave yourself and cut out the aviation for a while. Are you willing to take orders?"

"No trouble about the aviation," I answered. "I've cut that out for good. But, for Heaven's sake, what did we break in upon last night?"

"Oh! just a little house-party. I suppose it dazzled you. Too bad it took us with us as long as you will. We should with us as long as you will. We should with us as long as you will. We should with us as long as you will. Oh: just a little house-party. I suppose it dazzied you. Too bad it took ustre long to wake up. We all thought it was Billy Forshew and his wife. As a matter of fact, they never showed up at all missed their trule.

dress me and put me to bed. It was the prince who discovered that I had a hand to her. They told me that Dr. broken arm. They told me that Dr. broken arm. They told me that Dr. broken would be in presently. It may jously. After that they left me alone for a

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finished with the splints, but I still had Mary in my mind.

"Go back to her at once." I commanded.

"All right," said the man in the sailor clothes, with a laugh.

"Tell her I'm all right."

"Tell her I'm all right."

"Tell her I'm all right."

"Tell her I asked," I went on, sleep-lightly and then come back and forth from one room to the other, telling each of you that the other its all right? She's asked me ten times already, and I've told her."

"I'didn't think we'd made that far," I commented.

"Just a little way over the line," she doctor was grinning cheerfully. "Told her nine times already, and I've told her."

I smile dollahly and tried to keep my seep open.

"Thinks you're some wonder, too," he is shorter as a series of the skirt. The owner of the man that she had borrowed the shorters of the skirt. The owner of the shorters of the s

leaves nineteen starters for the Gordo Bennett Cup.

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